

## No far Away.

It is said, there is a good deal of anti-slavery feeling in Texas, and that Gen. Houston had to respect it to retain his position.

We doubt the latter assertion; the former we suppose to be true. Non-slaveholders in Arkansas, as well as Texas, are hostile to the institution, and a majority would move against it, if they knew their strength or had a leader.

An old friend of ours, and a native of South Carolina, writes to us from this State:

"I see by a Mobile paper which brother—some one that you are for emancipation, as I am, and I hope you will succeed, as I believe it would be for God's glory, and man's welfare, to have it. Col. P., and J. M., of Lancaster, think we will get shut of it—and if we can, Arkansas will be a good State, for it is abundant in fertile soil and grain lands, and iron, which will be of no account while slavery holds on."

And what State is there, where thousands would not say the same thing? What one where non-slaveholders would not go for freedom?

## All Right.

A sober, intelligent farmer, of the interior, writes us a letter of the right sort, and what is more sends us some subscribers. He says—

"I believe there is no harm in making honest confession, and I will say to you, that at first I read your paper, sent me by Rev. Mr. with distrust, and from a kind of compulsory feeling. I look for it now as my best friend; I know of no paper so well calculated to instruct, and if we could get it generally circulated, and as confident as we live that we could carry emancipation."

"If we could get it generally circulated!"

And cannot this be done? If we had a subscription list that would warrant it, we would not only send the paper into every county in the State, but we would distribute emancipation tracts in every neighborhood, in every county. Give us five thousand subscribers, friends of freedom, and this shall be done. Who will help? What number of good men and true will lend the cause thus a brave and cheering word?

## Even So.

A friend, says:—  
"I wish you had a society in Kentucky for distributing tracts among the poor, and addresses to slaveholders and non-slaveholders. I could distribute a thousand in this county, and I would agree to pick out from the Examiner, articles which would be read, and which would awaken a healthy spirit in those who read them—can this not be done?"

Aye. But we must have men. If our anti-slavery friends were leagued together—if their means were concentrated—we would undertake to circulate through this State—through East Tennessee, West North Carolina, and West Virginia—these silent, but powerful messengers of truth. Nor would it take a large sum. But we must wait, and labor on, until we can accomplish this desirable, and really great object.

## He Just.

The following communication is from a prominent man, and a large slaveholder.

"I thank you most sincerely for your remarks in the review of Mr. Parker's letter. That I have not seen. But you have done us, as a class, no more than justice in what you have said, and, as a class, we should acknowledge it. Your paper is not taken in this neighborhood; but we all see and read it. If I must confess the truth, a part of us, have had the Examiner every Sabbath, and we have scanned it closely; and with no friendly eye. But on reading that article, with our exception, the poor white man, must admit a preference to be even, and that you have used space and axe in digging it up, with much courtesy, with such a Christian spirit as to disarm malice, and quiet opposition. At first, I was ready to go to any length, and to say I proposed violent measures. My notion was not seconded, and I rejoice at it—not that friends did not concur with me, but that they thought the measures I proposed imprudent, and calculated to increase, rather than decrease, anti-slavery feeling."

Since then I have thought, as I read your paper, that being the only emancipation journal in the State, it was our duty to read it, and to see that we were not in any danger of being misled. I have seen no chance that they are leaving us—that none are coming in—and that, as a community or State we can never flourish, while this state of things exists. Shall I look to myself? That would be selfish and mean. And if I did, what for? My boys and girls, for I cannot leave them a large estate, if they are left to scramble for themselves? I shudder at the thought. If I look to them, I look to myself, taking a proper view of self interest, and I believe your cause to be founded on principle, and your arguments just. The man that can do justice to us, (slaveholders) is prepared to do justice to all."

Thanks, friend, for what you say! We rejoice that you see the light. We rejoice still more, that you are determined to make others see it. There will be no difficulty in this mood of mind and temper of the soul, to know the truth, and knowing to defend or diffuse it. But since the subject is broached, we ask this generous slaveholder, ask all just and generous slaveholders, to look at some of these cases—Independent of the wrong itself, which forces Mr. Parker—which forces honest men every where—to look with horror upon the institution—to regard it as a black and damning curse.

1. This day fortnight stood on our wharf. It was a bright and beautiful day. The air was balmy, and all nature seemed in sweetest harmony. Hundreds were out enjoying the scene, and the man of business, all engaged as he was, seemed disposed to forget his toil, and partake of its pleasures. Yet at this moment—it was near mid-day—a gang of negroes, manacled, and linked together by an iron chain, a white man in front, and another in the rear, was driven along, attracting all eyes! A cold shudder ran through the crowd. It was a sight which startled and shocked all. Now suppose an intelligent stranger visiting us had witnessed this sight—suppose him to have known nothing of slavery except what his friends aver—what would he have thought—what would he have reached his free home? Bitter words would leap to his tongue. Hot feelings of indignation would burn in his heart. He could not forget this sight, nor could he ever help speaking of slavery as the darkest of human wrongs. Yet this display may be witnessed in all our commercial marts and at our very capital!

2. Further. Suppose a man every way well disposed towards us, and ready to do us full justice, in all respects should, for the first time, attend a sale of negroes. None of us like to do it. "I never could," said an intelligent slaveholder to us the other day, "stand by and witness their sale, as if they were oxen." And such, we believe, is the general feeling. Well, the stranger goes to the auction. He sees a woman on the block. Many persons surround

her, wishing to buy, and he hears questions as to her age, her habits, her soundness. Not content with this, he sees one rudely feeling her muscles, to be certain that she is strong and beautiful! As a man, as a citizen, unaccustomed to such scenes, never realizing that such things could be, must he not be shocked? Will not the blood rush from his heart, and tingle in his veins, as if it were all on fire? Yet there is no slave State, no part of any slave State, which is not forced to witness, scenes as sad as this!

3. Nay, as to that, darker picture remains to be unfolded. In that auction room are many slaves. The old and the young are there. Fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, set side by side, fearing everything, yet knowing not what they fear. Are these families headed? As the father ascends the block, does his wife accompany him, do the children gather round them—and do we hear the slave-seller say, "this is one family, they cannot be separated?" Alas, it is not so! The father stands alone. The wail of his wife may be heard—the agonizing sob of the children may ring in our ears, it is of no avail; the sale goes on, the holiest ties are rudely snapt asunder, and they whom God had ordained should love each other, and live together, forcibly and forever separated! Tell us, friend, tell us humane slaveholder, if any stranger could witness a sight like this, or read, or hear of it, and not denounce the institution as accursed? Can we expect, do we ask, that men afar off should deal gently with it, write or speak kindly of it, when it concentrates within itself horrors which shocked the heathen, and which, if narrated to us of any other people, would make our very blood boil with indignation?

4. And now imagine that the stranger seeing these things should turn to our statute books, and look closely at our slave laws! Here, the freeman may be sold into slavery forever, if he is unable to pay a trifling fine. There, it is a criminal offence to teach the slave to read the word of God—that word which we are commanded to study and know—that word which the Savior died to teach. In one State, marriage is not allowed; the law making the offspring of any union among slaves illegitimate. In none are they legalized. Everywhere is public opinion in advance of our slave code. Everywhere are slave owners really more humane and christian than the law. That, in spirit, is vindictive, cruel, irreligious; no barbarian code is so bad. Yet it is that, and that alone by which the great majority of the people of the world judge us, by which they judge the institution of slavery. It is strange, that they should judge harshly? They were more or less than men if they did otherwise.

This being so, what should those slaveholders do, who are resolved to defend the institution to the last? What these other slaveholders, who, like our friend are ready for emancipation? Demand instantly a change of these barbarous laws—demand that slaves, ignorant and despised though they be, shall have and be taught to read the word of God, and know of Him who died for all; demand that their marriages shall be held sacred, that no home or family ties shall again be rudely broken. This is what slaveholders should do instantly, in justice to themselves, in justice to the blacks, in justice to their country, and their God.

Article at Rome.

The artists had quite a celebration at Rome on the 28th Dec. The British Hall, as usual, was the place in which the festival was held. The venerable Prent, witty and full of laughter, making mirth, presided. Their banqueting was merry as merry could be. Wit, song, humorous speech, spicy humor, rare anecdotes, these marked the artist's festival. The following song was chanted, when Pina's health was proposed:—  
Old Tiber rose from his cozy bed,  
And his ears grew erect with wonder;  
For, "Let Rome be free!" was the word that was said.

With a roar of joy, loud and true,  
The ribs of death might crack a soul,  
To exult in freedom's thunder!

In the Vatican, when each Roman man  
Saw enthroned his liberator,  
"Twas Peter's word had to life restored  
Rome—'Dying Gladiator'—  
Or—'he whom the asp in a marble grasp'  
Kept coiled and for ages strangled,  
Got loose from the hold of each serpent fold,  
And exulted, disentangled!"

What glories and divine forethought  
In that most of picture's flash,  
Where the prophet and of Raphael wrought  
The blessed scene we witness!

Look down—'tis the rage of a Roman youth,  
By demon powers beleaguered!  
Look up—'tis the reign of Right and Truth;  
'Tis Rome—but Rome Transfigured!

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## Black Laws in Ohio.

The Legislature of Ohio has refused to amend or amend her black laws.

Not one of the members of that body, would hesitate about denouncing slavery generally—Very few of them who do not condemn the South for holding on to the institution. Yet they deny justice to the negro, and refuse to take his testimony, in any of their courts.

There are hundreds of planters in this State who refuse to emancipate their slaves—and who oppose emancipation because of free State legislation of this character. They ask—"What can the slave do, if he be set free? Where can he go?" And fearing that he may be worse off, they conclude to do the best they can with him, and for him!

Most of the free States deal shamefully in this matter. The majority of the Ohio Legislature, certainly, merit a severe rebuke for their inhumanity in sustaining laws which a Kentucky Statesman calls "atrocious," and most men admit to be disgraceful.

## Sweet Factory.

Christian Andersen is an enthusiastic lover of nature, and his translator Mary Howitt knows how to sympathize with him. What could be more touching than his verses on the dying child? Many a parent will weep, as the recollection of his parting from the loved and lost comes freshly up to the mind with softened sadness of feeling, while he reads them:—  
Mother, I'm tired, and I would fain be sleeping;  
Let me repose upon thy bosom sweet;  
But promise me that thou wilt leave off weeping.

Because they tears fall hot upon my cheek,  
Here it is cold; the tempest rages madly;  
But in my dreams all is so warm and bright;  
I see the angel children smiling glad;  
When from my weary eyes I shut out light.

Mother, one stands beside me now! and listen!  
Dost thou not hear the music's sweet accord?  
See how his white wings beautifully gleam!  
Surely those wings were given him by our Lord!

Green, gold and red are floating all around me;  
They are the flowers the angel scattered.  
Shall I have wings like his, and fly about me?  
Or, mother, are they given alone to him?

Why dost thou clasp me as if I were going?  
Why dost thou press thy cheek thus unto mine?  
Thy cheek is hot, and yet thy tears are flowing;  
I will, dear mother, will be always thine!

Do not sigh—it naught my reposing;  
And, if thou weep, then I must weep with thee!  
Oh, I am tired—my weary eyes are closing;  
Look, mother, look! the angel kneels me!

Art, if you work on, men of Louisville, if you will but do it—follow it up by right action when it is done.

Salem, Massachusetts, was absorbed commercially by Boston—and the town lost its importance. But it would not stay down. So it turned to manufacturing by steam, as Newburyport has done at Hartford, Connecticut, is doing. It has the largest cotton mill in the country—a mill containing 37,000 spindles, employing 575 hands, and having a capital of \$600,000, and, consequently, Salem is looking up—not only holding its own—but turning its capital to good account, and again increasing in wealth.

Now suppose we had similar establishments! Would they not give a spur to our industry—a new start to our city? We know there are difficulties in the way. Mechanics, especially married ones, do not like to come here, because they cannot live as cheaply, nor obtain water and other matters, as they can in Cincinnati, New Albany, &c. But we can remedy this. We may have water works, that will render the street pumps unnecessary, and thus enable the women to obtain water as they may want it, and so lessen expense, and remove one serious difficulty. We can, besides, employ free labor, and say by our action that we want no other—and, in this way, reach the source of all our difficulties?

Who, that is for the prosperity of Louisville, says nay? Where the capitalist, where the mechanic, who will not heartily declare, let this be done? Come, then, friends of the city, of commercial prosperity, of justice, exert yourselves, and labor for this result.

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## On, On!

A man never knows his power, until he tries what he can do!

One says, "I have no influence," and down he sits, stagnant in feeling, a laggard in action.

Another declares, "I would, if I could—but I have no influence," and time wears on only to witness him, false to his duty, and a slave to his fears—a cork on the waters, borne hither and yon, as the winds blow or the waves roll.

The true man, poor or not, learned or not, determines to do his best. He works. He battles away amid all sorts of difficulties, and lives, and rises as he lives, in goodness and greatness, making his mark upon his day and generation.

## New Territory.

Senator Aitchison presented a memorial of the General Assembly of Missouri, asking for the organization of a Territory west of Missouri.

The memorial states that this territory lying west of the State of Missouri, extending from the northern line of the Cherokee to the northern line of the State of Utah, and west to the Rocky Mountains, contains some thirty thousand square miles.

It is now occupied by some thirty thousand Indians. If organized into a Territory, it would in five years rank in wealth and population among the first States in the Union.

In 1839, with not more than twenty miles square in its limits, there is now a population of fifteen thousand. How much more is that country worth to the Union than the entire territories occupied by the Indians.

Also, joint resolutions of the same, requesting their Representatives to vote in accordance with the 6th section of the act of Congress "to authorize the people of Missouri to form a Constitution and State Government, and for the admission of such State into the Union on an equal footing with the original States, and to prohibit slavery in certain Territories."

Shall it be onward, or backward? This is the question which we of Kentucky, which all the frontier slave States, have to ask, whether they will or no.

We published an article last week, "on the effects of slavery upon industry," full of instruction, and so forcibly, clearly written, that no answer can be made to it. Do you read it? If not get the paper, and do so—it will repay you the trouble. The article answers, for us, the question put.

Slaves are non-producers. They may add to individual wealth; but they bring no help to town, or city, or country; they diminish the wealth of the State. What poor white will some settle down where they exist? What poor white mechanic will stay among them if he can get away? Yet their nerves, necessities, invention, energy, make cities and countries grow and prosper, and intelligent, and nothing else can.

Some slaveholders sneer at this, and say, "it is all moonshine." Think, my friend, if you can in the poor man's condition. He sees you at leisure always; neither touching plough nor harrowing spade; ordering slaves to do what you wish, and as you wish. He cannot labor freely, vigorously. He feels that a stain rests upon him, and he, a freeman, shrinks from it. Suppose he has heretofore enough to master these feelings. He has boys; their hearts beat as nobly as any man's sons; they aspire as nobly; they are as well knit together, and as capable. He loves them. Can he, under the burning sun, and amid the blasts of winter, drive them to labor? To do that which is held to be a slave's work? He cannot. Could you generous slaveholder? The poor white man, therefore, will not come here; he will not stay here.

Are any mad enough to say, "let him go." We answer, if this be carried out, that there is no hope for the State—it must lose power, population, wealth, day by day, until its vitality shall all vanish. Can we hope for industry when the spring which gives life is gone? Can we expect enterprise and its fruits, when the motive which impels to it is taken away? Is it not a waste of time? It is not alone that slaves are non-producers; this of course adds to, deepens, extends our difficulties; but it is that slavery degrades labor, relaxes the muscles of the white man, disheartens, destroys him. These causes combined will ruin any State. How different matters are in the free States. Every man in Indiana, for instance, is a consumer; he makes to sell; he sells to buy. Each is a help, a stimulus to the other; all sorts of manufactures flourish, consequently; all trades, all labor, day-laborer, the arts, what is produced by hand or mind. Every village, town, or city in Indiana has its own market—its home place of sale—for whatever is made or grown. No young man who cannot find employment. No young man who cannot thrive. The State therefore flourishes; each succeeding year tells of a greater increase than the last; and what is better, greater comfort, greater intelligence, greater wealth.

Why, taking the lowest and coldest view of the matter, (which we have presented before), the dollar and cent one, every man must know, at a glance, that the cost of feeding our slaves, alone, must weaken us continually. The value of slave capital is set down by our intelligent Auditor, Mr. Page:—  
Number of Slaves in Ky. 189,669  
Aggregate value, \$58,115,984  
Average value of each slave, \$306

Suppose now the cost of supporting a family of six slaves to be \$300 per annum; the interest on each is \$18 36—for the family \$110 16. At this rate, the slaves of Kentucky cost more than thirteen millions! Five per cent on the whole capital of the State! Now suppose we had, instead of these slaves, one hundred and eighty-nine thousand, five hundred and sixty-nine freemen. They would support themselves. More than this—they would stimulate each other, and thrive, and in turn make the State thrive and grow. The eight thousand slaves of Jefferson county, for instance, do not trade so to benefit their grocer, carpenter, or merchant; they encourage no one business. This, in the nature of things, they cannot do. But if we had in their stead eight thousand freemen, each man among them would live comfortably. Each man would have things to sell, and things to buy. Each man's wife would have things to sell and buy. Not a shop-keeper, or merchant, or vendor, or maker of goods, or manufacturer of wares, or mechanic, of any description, that would not feel the benefit; say, this addition, if slavery were absent, would add to the population by increase of trade, by stimulus to enterprise, by the success, independence, intelligence of free industry, at least ten thousand people!

We see this result before us—we see it in the decay of towns in the slave, and the increase of towns in the free States; we see it in the great difference between the States themselves. And we know the cause. Go to New Albany, and ask the married mechanic why he does not work in Louisville. Go there and ask the master manufacturer why he avoids us. Go to our own hard toiling sons, and enquire why they leave their native hearth-stones, and seek in a free State new homes. From one and from all you hear the same response: "we can't labor where labor is degraded; we are freemen and have not the heart to do it—will not do it; we have families, and we cannot disgrace them; nothing can drive us to do that; therefore, we go away; therefore, we emigrate." Is all this pronounced "moonshine," also? If so, let us consider facts; those stubborn things which fancy may not twist, nor ingenuity subtant to determine fairly the truth on this important point. Let us for this end, contrast Virginia and New York.

"Virginia," says Mr. Parker, "contains more than 64,000 square miles, or 13,370 more than England. The climate is delightful. The State is intersected by the finest bay in the world; traversed by long and abundant rivers, thus, inviting navigation, and allowing numerous and easy communications with the interior; that, waiting to turn the wheels of the manufacturer to weave and spin. The soil is rich in minerals. Iron, lead, limestone are abundant. Nitre is found in her caverns. Salt abounds on the Great Kanawha. Fields of coal, anthracite and bituminous, are numerous, rich, and easy of access. The soil is fertile, the sky genial, the air salubrious. She is the oldest State in the Union; long the most important in wealth,

population, and political power. Abundantly blessed with bays, harbors, rivers, mines—no State had such natural advantages as Virginia in 1790." Had? These advantages are here now. Yet where is she? What use has she made of them? What use is she making of them? Let us apply our author's figures, and in part his reasoning, in answer to these questions, and in application to our immediate subject:

1790 1840  
Virginia had 748,348 souls, 1,239,797 souls.  
New York, 340,120 1,239,797

Mark the difference! Virginia has not doubled her population, while New York has increased more than four-fold. With her start, with all the advantages of her position, climate, soil, resources, the population of Virginia is now diminishing, and many of her counties are only reeking with Northern free labor! But look at another table:

1790 1840  
House & Lands in 1790 valued \$71,225,000 \$100,380,707  
In 1840, 211,930,538 430,751,373  
Annual earnings in 1840 76,769,032 193,806,433

See how the free State careers ahead, not in one, but in all respects. Observe, too, that "Virginia had 58,787 adult free whites unable to read and write—1,484 more than the entire number of her children at school or college—New York 44,459 illiterate adults." New York had 709,156 children in 1844 between four and sixteen at her common schools. Virginia 100,000 white children who attended in 1840 no schools. Virginia is behind in every thing; the annual earnings of New York are three times greater than hers. "The effect," truly does the wise man say, "follows the cause. A man loses half his manhood by slavery, says Homer, and it is as true of a State as of a man."

The march of the free State is bravely forward. The causes of this, all admit. The march of the slave States is backward. Why, we all know. Shall we, then, go down and down, sinking lower and lower, or heaving off the incubus which presses Kentucky to the earth, be FREE, and over-top the proudest of them all?

Ohio—Mer Public Works.  
We have received the eleventh annual Report of the Public Works of Ohio. Would that every voter in Kentucky could read it! It embodies a mass of useful information, and shows too clearly to be misunderstood what free labor can accomplish.

The two great works of Ohio are, the Ohio and Miami Canals, tapping the lakes at Cleveland and Toledo, and uniting with the river at Portsmouth and Cincinnati. And see what they have accomplished:—  
Original cost of the Canals, \$5,732,755  
Revenues, excluding expenses, in 1847, 409,802

A right "stiff" income! And a sure one, too! "Yes, but her debt is a heavy one," says one. So it is. Nor is this all. Ohio has made, apparently, not really, mistakes—that is, she has unproductive works, as we learn from the following table:—  
Cost of Miami extension, Waldoon, and Muskingum, \$2,389,747  
Revenues, excluding expenses for 1847, 137,293

What was land worth along these improvements before they were begun? A song! What was the price of wheat? From twenty-five to thirty-seven and a half cents per bushel. Produce was low—merchandise and everything to be bought high, for want of facilities of transportation. And how has it been since? Land commands a steady value; produce brings as much as it does in any part of Ohio; while articles brought into the country are as cheap. Really, then, these unproductive canals even have added, and are adding, largely to the wealth of the State.

But look at the results along the Miami and Ohio! In 1825, before the internal improvements commenced, wheat was twenty-five cents per bushel—now it is seventy! Flour is a little higher in New York; not enough so to make anything like this difference. And as for land—why, it requires a small fortune to buy a good farm now, when before these works were commenced, the best soil could be had for a small sum.

Says the Cincinnati Chronicle:—  
"If we allow an advance of fifteen cents per bushel on account of advanced prices at New York, it will be full as much, as the facts will justify. It follows then, that the public works of Ohio have advanced the price of wheat to the Farmers, full twenty-five cents per bushel on an average. Now let us see what this is:—  
Wheat transported on the Public Works, 8,000,000 bushels.  
25 cents per bushel, is \$2,000,000.  
Interest on the Debt for Canals, \$900,000.  
Interest per cent, 6 per cent.  
Increase paid by the increased value of wheat, 135 per cent.

## Common Schools.

A few months since, on a beautiful summer day, many ladies and gentlemen were seen wending their way to a church, to listen to the graduating exercises of a class of young men, who were then and there to bid farewell to their Alma Mater; the oldest university in our land. Before the appointed hour, the building was filled, to its utmost capacity, with eager and intelligent auditors. With unwearied attention, hour after hour, the immense multitude listened to the classed addresses which, at once, the unsurpassed advantages enjoyed in that time-honored university, and the fidelity and diligence of the young men, who for the preceding four years, had enjoyed those advantages. All felt that it was a proud day for Harvard; that she was pronouncing her benediction on a noble band, and sending forth into the world representatives, of whom she need never be ashamed.

Among those who engaged in the exercises of the occasion, no one was listened to with deeper interest than the young man, to whom the benediction, the most honorable part, had been assigned. When he stepped upon the stage every eye was fastened upon him, and a sentence uttered, fell from his lips, rich in thought, and beautiful in form, the hearts of the audience were drawn towards him in pride and affection, as the heart of one man. The dew of early morn rested in all its freshness, upon his mind, and yet that mind seemed to have reached the maturity of age.

Who was the young student, who, thus conferred honor on the university, which honored herself in honoring him? Whence came he? From a home of wealth? From the circles of favor and fashion? Had he enjoyed private instruction, and the means of rapid mental development, which influence may afford? No, he belonged to an humble condition. Unknown to the world and fame, are his parents, and the only educational privileges enjoyed by him, were such as are offered to every child of his native city, the privileges of common schools. It was in a common school in Boston, that his education commenced; in a common school was it continued, till he was prepared to enter a University, which, certainly, in scholarship, yields to none in our land. It was the mental discipline acquired in a common school and the thorough knowledge obtained there, which enabled him, while connected with that university, to engage in honorable competition with the most favored sons of opulence, and, "primus inter pares," to bear off her proudest honors.